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**MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED**

№19  
AUGUST

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

IND.

AMERICAN  
MAGAZINE  
GROUP  
**AMG**

# HERBIE

12

SPECIAL  
LAFFY-  
DAFFY ISSUE!

HERBIE

"EGYPTIAN  
CONNIPTION!"  
"RACE THROUGH  
SPACE!"



EVER LONG TO ADVENTURE INTO THE DISTANT AND DANGEROUS REACHES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, READER? DO YOU DREAM OF RUSHING RECKLESSLY INTO RISKY REGIONS? THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, THEN, TOGETHER WITH A MILLION LAUGHS! SO CLIMB ABOARD, ALL OF YOU AMATEUR ASTRONAUTS! YOU'RE GOING ALONG WITH THE ONE- AND- ONLY---

# HERBIE in "RACE through SPACE!"



STORY: THE STUPENDOUS  
O'SHEA  
ART: THE MIRACULOUS  
WHITNEY

ON A HOT DAY, WHAT DO YOU DO? GO  
SWIMMING, OF COURSE---



WHEW!  
HOW HOT DO  
YOU FIGGER  
IT IS?

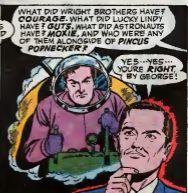
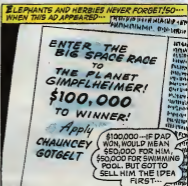
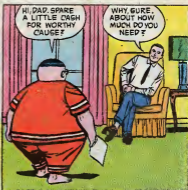
PUH-LENTY!  
IT'D HAVE TO  
BE, TO BRING  
THAT  
OUT!



WHAT  
IS IT,  
ANYWAY?

HERBIE  
POPNECKER,  
WHAT  
ELSE?

HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, October-November, December-January. © 1966 by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Disney Streets, Sports, Hialeah 43286. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial office: 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Richard S. Hughes, Editor, Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.44, single copies, \$0.12, foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 330 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sports, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 19, August, 1966.



SOMEDAY, KIDS WILL READ ABOUT YOU, GREATEST OF ALL. STATUES OF YOU EVERYWHERE... MEDAL FROM PRESIDENT...

YOU'VE SOLD ME! I'LL BE GLAD TO ENTER THE SPACE RACE... BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A ROCKET!



NO PROBLEM. PROFESSOR FLIPPOME NEXT DOOR GOOD FRIEND OF MINE. BE HAPPY TO BUILD FINE ROCKET FOR YOU.

TELL HIM TO GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY!



NOW WHAT? ONLY ONE THING TO DO... BUILD ROCKET MYSELF.



NEVER BUILT ROCKET BEFORE, FIRST TIME.



FINALLY...

VERY FINE ROCKET. PROUD OF IT.



HOLD ON. WHAT'S GOING TO MAKE IT FLY? HMMM...



IT TOOK THOUGHT... AND MORE WORK...

TREADMILL... VERY SIMPLE. ALL YOU FELLAS HAVE TO DO IS WALK ON IT.

OKAY, BUT ONLY BECAUSE WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, HERBIE.

BELIEVE ME, IF IT WAS ANYONE ELSE, WE WOULDN'T DO IT!



**THERE WERE OTHER FRIENDS TO CONTACT...**

ONLY HAVE TO  
SIT IN ROCKET.  
VERY COMFORTABLE.  
JUST WAGGLE WINGS  
A LITTLE.

OKAY, BUT  
ONLY BECAUSE  
YOU'RE OUR  
PAL!



DON'T WORRY,  
DAD. HELP YOU  
SIGN.

GOOD. YOU'RE  
ENTERED IN THE  
RACE, POPNECKER  
--YOU CAN'T BACK  
OUT NOW!

*PPincus Ppopnecker*



**ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY OF THE RACE,  
THEY WENT DOWN TO SIGN IN...**

I'M **CHAUNCEY GOTGELT**,  
PROMOTER OF THE EVENT.  
GLAD YOU'RE ENTERING  
THE RACE, BECAUSE SO  
FAR, THERE'S ONLY ONE  
OTHER CONTESTANT--  
**BLACK BUMBY** HERE!  
GUESS THAT'S BECAUSE  
OF THE DEADLY RISKS  
INVOLVED.

**DEADLY...**  
**RISKS?** ALL OF  
A SUDDEN, M-MY  
HAND FEELS WEAK  
-- I D-DON'T KNOW  
IF I CAN SIGN UP  
AFTER ALL!



BUT BEFORE WE GO  
ANY FURTHER, I'D LIKE YOU  
TO MEET MY FIANCEE **LIZZIE  
GIMPFLEHEIMER**. IT'S IN HER  
HONOR THAT I'VE ORGANIZED THE  
BIG RACE TO THE PLANET THAT  
JUST HAPPENS  
TO BEAR  
HER NAME!

**GULP!**  
YOUR--  
FIANCEE?



**HMPH!...**  
BETTER PROCEED  
WITH THE **RULES**,  
CHAUNCEY.

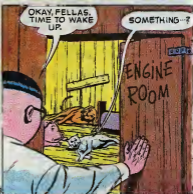
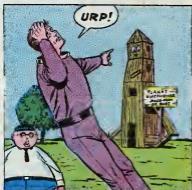
(1) CONTESTANTS ARE TO  
BLAST OFF AT NOON. (2) THEY  
ARE TO REACH THE PLANET  
**GIMPFLEHEIMER** AND CLAIM  
IT IN THE NAME OF MY LOVELY  
FIANCEE. (3) THEY ARE THEN  
TO RETURN WITH EVIDENCE  
OF HAVING REACHED THE GOAL.  
(4) IN EVENT OF TIE, WINNER  
OF THE \$100,000 GRAND  
PRIZE TO BE CHOSEN BY MY  
LOVELY FIANCEE.



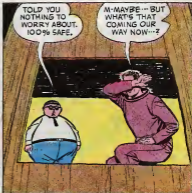
WHAT A LOVELY  
LITTLE BOY. WHAT  
WOULD YOU SAY IF  
I ASKED YOU FOR  
A KISS?

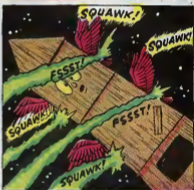
**UGH!**

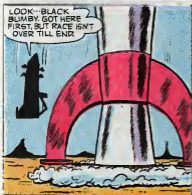
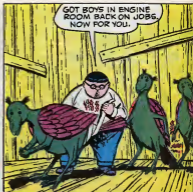












THEN...ALL OF A SUDDEN...

CLAIMING OUR  
PLANET, HUH?  
YOU LOOKING  
FOR TROUBLE,  
JACK?

ULP!



DON'T WORRY, HERBIE. THESE  
ARE WOMEN...LOVELY WOMEN  
...AND I'M AT MY BEST HERE.  
JUST WATCH ME OPERATE!



COME HERE TO  
ME, BABY, YESSIR,  
YOU'RE MY TYPE!  
OOZE LI'L WHOODIS  
IS OO, HONEY-  
PIE?



DON'T LOOK  
NOW...BUT HONEY-  
PIE'S MAD!

UH...IF YOU  
DON'T MIND...



MMMM, MMMM!  
SIGH!... KISS ME,  
MY BIG, STRONG  
MAN!

NO KISS, MY DAD--  
DON'T LIKE FOLKS  
GETTING ROUGH  
WITH HIM.



BUT THEY WERE PRISONERS NOW--BEING  
MARCHED TOWARDS THE KING'S CASTLE...

DID...DID YOU SEE  
HOW SCARED SHE WAS  
OF ME? KNEW SHE  
DIDN'T STAND A  
CHANCE STARTING  
UP WITH PINCUS  
POPNECKER!



THE KING WAS A RATHER STRANGE KING...

YOU'RE CHARGED WITH TRYING TO TAKE MY PLANET FROM UNDER MY NOSE. HOW DO YOU PLEAD... GUILTY OR EVEN GUILTIER?

PLEAD INNOCENT. DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR PLANET.

FOR DARING TO PLEAD INNOCENT, I SENTENCE YOU BOTH TO IMMEDIATE EXECUTION! HEH-HEH... I GET TO DO ALL THE EXECUTIONS AROUND HERE!

FIRST I'M ENTITLED TO A PRACTICE SWING, ACCORDING TO THE RULES!

OH-HHHH!

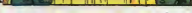
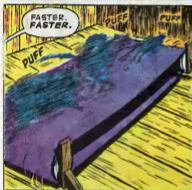
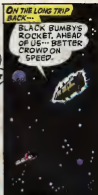
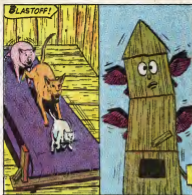
ENOUGH OF THIS.

CRASH!

UNFAIR! UNFAIR! RULE BOOK SAYS PRISONERS AREN'T ALLOWED TO WALK IN THE AIR!

WALK-SCHMAWK.

PUFF!..



AS USUAL...IT WAS UP TO HERBIE...

I CAN'T LOOK OUT...  
SPACE S-SCARES ME!  
...HERBIE...WHERE  
HAVE YOU GONE TO?  
HIDING, I GUESS, BECAUSE  
HE'S EVEN MORE SCARED  
THAN I AM!



THEY REPORTED TO MR. GOTGELT  
IMMEDIATELY...

HERE'S THE EVIDENCE THAT I FOLLOWED  
ALL THE RULES. A PICTURE OF THE PLANET  
SIMPLHEIMER. A PICTURE OF ME CLAIMING  
IT FOR YOUR LOVELY FIANCEE.  
PICTURES OF THE PLANET'S FLORA  
AND FAUNA, BECAUSE YOU WANTED  
SOMETHING BROUGHT BACK FROM  
THE PLANET TO PROVE WE WERE  
THERE!



THE TWO ROCKETS TOUCHED DOWN  
IN A TIE...

BACK ON  
EARTH. GOOD  
FEELING.



FINE, FINE! NOW  
HOW ABOUT YOU?  
WHAT EVIDENCE DID  
YOU BRING BACK?

ER... I FORGOT TO  
TAKE P-PICTURES.  
I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T  
BRING BACK  
ANYTHING!

EXCUSE  
ME...



FORGETTING. I  
BROUGHT BACK  
THIS.



HMMMMM...

HMMMMM...



YOU HONEYPIE,  
YOU! SWEETUMS!

GULP!

HOW  
ABOUT THE  
PRIZE MONEY?  
I STILL  
INSIST I  
WON!





WAIT A SECOND. THE RULES SAY THAT IN THE EVENT OF A TIE, I'M TO DECIDE ON THE WINNER--AND IT WAS A TIE! I DECIDE IN FAVOR OF THE **POPNECKER** ENTRY-- BECAUSE THEY BROUGHT ME MY SUGAR PLUM, HERE!



...98--89--  
**\$100,000!**  
YESSIR, IT'S ALL HERE, AND I WON IT!

AND LOOK WHAT I WON!

OH, WELL. GUESS THERE'S GOT TO BE **ONE LOSER--** AND I'M IT!



MY SHARE. **\$50,000** FOR SWIMMING POOL.

**HUH?** WHY SHOULD I GIVE YOU \$50,000 IT'S NOT AS IF YOU **DID** ANYTHING FOR IT. IT WAS MY GREAT COURAGE, MY VALOR, MY HEROISM THAT WON THROUGH. YOU JUST WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE, THAT'S ALL!



OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO. UH--MOM MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW HOW BRAVELY YOU MADE LOVE TO GIRL WHO WAS LEADER OF KING'S GUARD. TOOK REAL GRIT.

**GULP!** YOU-- YOU MUST HAVE HEARD ME WRONG. HERBIE, HEH-HEH-- I MEANT TO SAY I'D GIVE YOU **\$60,000** FOR THAT POOL, INSTEAD OF JUST **50!**



WELL--YOU CAN SURE GET A LOT OF SWIMMING POOL FOR **\$60,000--**

**WHEE-EEE!**  
IS THIS EVER FUN!

KNOW SOMETHING? I THINK **HERBIE** HAS THE BEST TIME OF ALL OF US...



HE'S LEARNING HOW TO **FLOAT--** AND HE'S DOING IT **HIS WAY!**

THE END!



# HERE'S HERBIE!



## Memo from Ye Editor!

If you think this issue's a side-splitter—and you'd better if you value your teeth—just wait until you see our next! It features the one-and-only "Fat Fury" (thank Heavens) in "Pass A Piece Of Pizze, Please!" The greatest, got to admit it. And there's another fat frolic, too—Herbie, in "Adventure At The Center Of The Earth". All complete, crazy and comic in "Herbie" No. 20, September, due on the newsstands about the middle of July. Write and tell our overweight pop-muncher what you think of it, huh? Address your letter to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Dear Herbie:-

I think you put out some of the funniest comics that I have ever read. But the parts I love best are where somebody looks real close at you and faints . . . that's when I bust out laughing. Hey! I just remembered that the next issue of "Herbie" is due on the newsstands, so goodbye for now!

—Ricky Myrick, 104 S. Michigan, Ocala, Fla."

You just think my comics funny—I know. What's business about folks looking close at me, fainting? Only faint because handsome. Might just pop down to Ocala, Florida, turn this here lollipop loose.

"Dear Herbie:-

Have enjoyed your cool magazines since they came out. Got (number beyond counting) laughs from each issue. Since I joined the Navy, it is hard for me to find copies of each issue, so I have decided to go to the source and get them direct by way of a subscription to your mag. Here is my hard-earned money, \$1.44 of it, so hurry and send my mags before I volunteer to be bopped. At the moment, I only have enough for a one-year subscription, but I'll slave and work hard to get money to extend it as soon as possible. Thanks for tons of enjoyment!

—W. E. Looney, Cynsa 785-85-35,  
CR Division, USS Intrepid (CUS-11),  
P.O. New York, N.Y. 09501."

Fellas in service my pals. Not only see that you get your comics fast, but am ready for personal favors. Like plopping over to Viet Nam, turning loose this here lollipop. Bop. Bop. Bam.

"Dear Lovely, Adorable, Fat Herbie:-

I am (please forgive me) a horrid, skinny Eng-

lish thorn (the rose wilted) who adores your stories. I have been faithful since I first saw you. Love ya always! One problem. Out here, "Herbie" comics are scarce. Many days I tramp the streets searching for your welcoming face. Often I miss your lovely stories. Wait—don't bop me. Not my fault. I do try. Save me from a fate worse than death—a missed issue! Miserable for months! Please come up with a travel pop and come to see me. I'll have a whole factory full of lovely English lollipops for you . . . I understand they come in excellent flavors. P.S.: My mum and dad love you too, but my boy friend was dodgy. I fixed him good—I bopped him, and he loves you now!

—Marilyn Mills, 17 Bush Court, Priors Road,  
Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England."

Horrid, skinny English thorn. Ugh. But sorry for you, Marilyn. No beautiful, lovely fat. About missing issues . . . have already taken up matter with Queen Elizabeth. Glad to report prospects for increase in number of "Herbie" comics sent to England very good . . . Queen has offered entire British treasury to bring this about. So be of good heart. Fat heart.

"Dear Editor:-

As I wrote you after winning the prize in the "Herbie" contest, I went to the New York Comics Convention. They held a costume party there, with the people dressed as all the different heroes in comics. Inasmuch as I didn't want to be dressed as everyone else was, I came in the most unusual costume of all—"The Fat Fury!" I finally developed the film taken of me in the costume and had a copy made for you to see. The picture is in black and white, so it detracts from the original, which is in full color, and does look like the real fatty costume. My stomach is slightly out of place in this photo, but I think you can still tell something about it.

—Marvin Wolfman,  
142-18 59th Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11355."

Please, please, Marvin, don't ever repeat this practically fatal mistake of addressing a letter to me. Who am I but the lousy editor? It's Herbie's magazine, remember, and whenever I receive mail that he feels should be his, he bops me high, wide and unilateral. I bleed so much! But notwithstanding, you sure looked great in that "Fat Fury" rig. So great that Herbie was a bit jealous, but don't let that worry you. I'll gladly visit you in whatever hospital you name!

...

"Dear Herbie:-

I think your comic is great! One day, my friend told me about you, and I bought No. 3 and went hysterical! The wonderful stories were 'Good Old Peepwhistle' and 'George Washington's Teeth'. Glad you bopped 'Nellie No-Date'—worst comic I ever read! I can see why she has no dates. By the way, my sister is crazy about you and can't wait to read your comics. Why don't you bop the Editor for not putting your comic book out once a month? Bop him with the hard-to-get cinnamon! Like I said, your comic is great. Keep it up, and don't reduce!

—Ivan Hodas,  
739 Orange St., New Haven, Connecticut."

Of course comic is great, so why shouldn't you throw hysterics? Stories you mention not really wonderful, though . . . just stupendous is all. Thanks for great suggestion about bopping Editor . . . will follow promptly. Just love to hear that man scream. Of course won't reduce . . . can't be too much of good thing.

...

"Greatest Herbie:-

I have a question. Are you larger from front to back or from top to toe? P.S.: I am your loyalist fan, so please don't bop me with this here lollipop! Meekly—

—Rodney Personette,  
1721 Gloria Ct., Montgomery, Alabama."

Insulting question, so am now on way to Montgomery, Alabama with blood boiling and pops stripped for action. Am much larger from front to back, as any respectable, thinking person would know. All I'm saying is just look out, Rodney.

...

"Dear Herbie:-

I protest. In 'Herbie' No. 8, you show what would have happened if the British had won the Revolution. What if we had? A big country like America would have gotten its independence

years ago anyway. Tell me, do you really think that the British talk, dress and act like that British guest at the Poppecker house? Even the titled British don't dress like him. Incidentally, your comic is great and so are you, Herbie. I think you deserve all the lollipops you can lay your fat little hands on!

—Alan Patterson, 19 Clydach Street,  
Orangetown, Cardiff, S. Wales, Britain."

Of course British talk, dress and act exactly like my magazine showed. Don't think I'd exaggerate, do you? Better be careful, Alan. Besides lollipops, just might lay fat little hands on you!

...

"Hi, Herbie!

I just finished one of your comics and it was 'fab'! Fat man, you got what it takes. You should try a satire on Viet Nam—I know servicemen over here would appreciate a little fun poked at the Viet Cong. But make sure you don't drop any lollipops over there—the V.C. have enough weapons as it is! How about a year's subscription to your comic? I'm at sea most of the time, so I miss an issue once in awhile. It's worse than being shot! I'd gladly pay all postage plus the 12c for each issue of this great-type funny book. Thanks, Herbie—see ya in the next issue!

—Chuck Swalla, MMFN 794-80-84,  
UBS Turner Joy, DD661,  
PFO San Francisco, Cal. 96601."

Think my mag is "fab", eh? Suggests slogan . . . "Stow the gab and grab a jab—HERBIE!" Sure I got what it takes—fat, plenty of it. Give my regards to Uncle Sam's Fighting men, Chuck. With me on their side, how can they go wrong?

...

"Dear Herbie:-

I love your comics and have read Nos. 8 to 15. Enclosed please find one (1) orange lollipop. Any readers with extra copies of issues 1 to 7 please, please write me because I am willing to pay 25c each for them. P.S.: Why not put a 'Herbie' show on TV?

—Scott Allen,  
14 Winter Street, Malden, Mass. 02148."

Sorry for you, Scot. You're in real trouble. "Enclosed please find one (1) orange lollipop." Inside not one lollipop any flavor! Call this base treachery deserving fractures, contusions, lacerations. Will let it pass, however, because must be some good in you. After all, you like my comics, so can't be all bad. Lastly, agree with you on TV show idea. Might be saving of world.

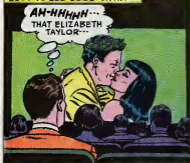
ORDERS FROM THE FAT FURY...LOVE THIS STORY OR LOSE YOUR LIFE! NO IF'S,  
BUTS OR MAYBES...GO CRAZY ABOUT IT OR GET BOPPED WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP.  
MEANWHILE, HOLD ON TIGHT, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING ALONG ON A CRAZY, COOL ADVENTURE  
INTO LAFFLAND. ALL ABOARD WITH...

# HERBIE *in* "EGYPTIAN CONNIPTION!"

STORY: SHANE (FRANKENSTEIN) O'SHEA  
ART: OGDEN (DRACULA) WHITNEY



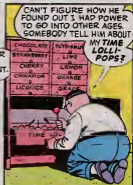
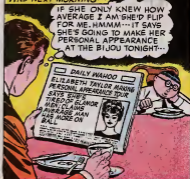
WHEN MOM'S AWAY IN A DISTANT CITY  
WHAT DOES DAD DO THAT'S RIGHT...HE  
GOES TO SEE CLEOPATRA...



AND THAT NIGHT...



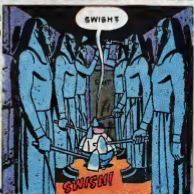
AND NEXT MORNING...

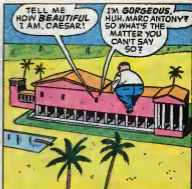


SO BACK, BACK THROUGH TIME WENT HERBIE  
POPNECKER...



ANCIENT  
EGYPT.







WHERE IS THAT HERBIE?  
LET US AT HIM!



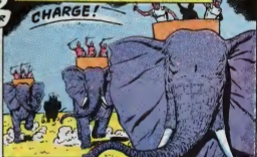
GULP!  
THEY  
W-WENT  
THATAWAY!

THE JIG'S UP  
UNLESS WE  
CAN GET RID  
OF THAT PLUMP  
LUMP! WE'LL  
DECLARE WAR  
ON HIM!



AND THUS BUSTED OUT THE GREAT HISTORIC ROMAN-  
HERBIE WAR! IF YOU DIDN'T LEARN ABOUT IT AT SCHOOL,  
YOU SHOULD HAVE---BUT HERE ARE THE FACTS---

CHARGE!



DOWN WITH THE  
DREAD HERBIE!

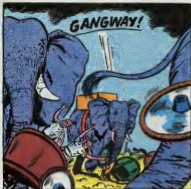


BUT---BECAUSE ELEPHANTS ARE  
VERY SMART---

SURP!  
THAT'S HERBIE  
POPNECKER!



**GANGWAY!**



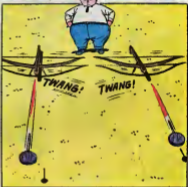
**BUT NOW THE HORSE TROOPS MOVED INTO BATTLE...**

**LET'S GET WITH IT, FELLAS!**

**WE'LL SHOW THE PLUMP LUMP!**



**HERE THEY COME. GOT GREAT COMBINATION HERE--CROSS-BOWS FIRING SPECIAL BOPPING LOLLIPOPS.**

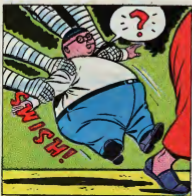


**OUR LEADERS ARE DOWNED! RUN!**



**ENOUGH OF THIS DILLY-DALLYING. DAD WANTED CLEOPATRA FAST--SO...**







# WATCH CLOWN LAUGH

48" TALL & FULL of FUN

**AMAZING  
"TALKING"  
CLOWN**

**\$1.00**  
PLUS  
25c

for postage  
& handling

**Gives a smile to every child!  
HE TALKS!!!**

To make him talk, simply talk to him and he will answer. Toss him in the air and he always lands on his feet. He will bend and tilt in any direction. Colorful, one-piece latex, inflates easily.

A terrific gift!

**GREAT ACTION TOY**

**MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED — RUSH ORDER NOW**

**Mail Coupon Now**

**REGENCY MAIL ORDER,  
Dept. CL-4  
Box 826, Niagara Falls, N.Y.**

Please send me <sup>4</sup>"TALKING" CLOWN(s) at One Dollar (\$1.00) for each, plus 25c for postage and handling.

Name

Address

City  State

In Canada, 1256 Bathurst St., Toronto 4, Ont.

## \$\$\$ REWARD for OLD COINS!

**\$13,256.00 REWARD**  
for this coin



Illustrated: 1804 silver dollar. 18,000 were minted, only 12 accounted for. Where are the rest?

FOR CERTAIN OLD COINS WE PAY UP TO:

Certain Pennies before 1800	\$5.00
Certain Cents before 1846	4,900
Certain Quarters before 1841	4,700
Certain Half-Cents before 1830	3,700
Certain Foreign Coins before 1948	25,000
Certain Gold Coins before 1800	25,000
Certain Can. Half Dollars (Geo. VI)	2921 9,900

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Heiler Company, DEPT. AG-C  
Box 826, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Please send your latest coin catalog immediately, showing the actual prices you will pay for United States and Canadian coins listed in the catalog. One dollar (\$1.00) is enclosed as full payment. Postage will be prepaid.

Name

Address

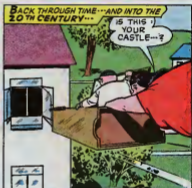
City  State

In Canada: 1256 Bathurst St., Toronto 4, Ont.

**MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED**



★  
**B  
L  
A  
M**  
★





IN THE SUBWAY---



AT THE BALL GAME---



I'M FLYING HOME EARLIER  
TO SURPRISE DAD. I JUST  
CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HOW HE'S  
GOTTEN ALONG WITHOUT  
ME!



IF MOM EVER CAME HOME  
AND FOUND THAT AWFUL  
FEMALE HERE, SHE'D K-KILL  
ME! AND I CAN'T GET RID OF  
CLEOPATRA! TO THINK IT ALL  
STARTED JUST BECAUSE I  
THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE FUN  
TO HAVE **ELIZABETH  
TAYLOR** CALL ON ME...



SO THAT'S IT...HE WANTED  
ELIZABETH TAYLOR WHEN  
HE SAID **CLEOPATRA**...NOT  
THE **REAL CLEO** AFTER ALL.  
WHICH MEANS I'VE GOT TO  
GET RID OF HER BEFORE  
MOM GETS HOME. FAST.



SO HERBIE TRIED A PLAN...

DUMMY OF DAD...HARD  
TO TELL DIFFERENCE.  
TIME LOLLIPOP IN MOUTH,  
ALL GET FOR ANCIENT EGYPT.  
SHE'S BOUND TO SPOT IT...  
NEVER SLEEPS...



WHEREVER  
YOU GO...I GO,  
LOVER!



DAD, DARLING...  
I'M BACK! HOW  
WERE THINGS  
WHILE I WAS  
GONE?

DULL, MOM. UH  
...NOTHING  
EVER HAPPENS  
AROUND HERE,  
YOU KNOW  
...HEH-HEH...



AND WITH  
YOU, HERBIE...?

CRAZY QUESTION.  
AFTER ALL,  
NOTHING EVER  
HAPPENS  
TO ME!



THANK  
GOSH I SAW  
CLEOPATRA FLYING  
OUT THE WINDOW  
...JUST IN  
TIME!

END!